

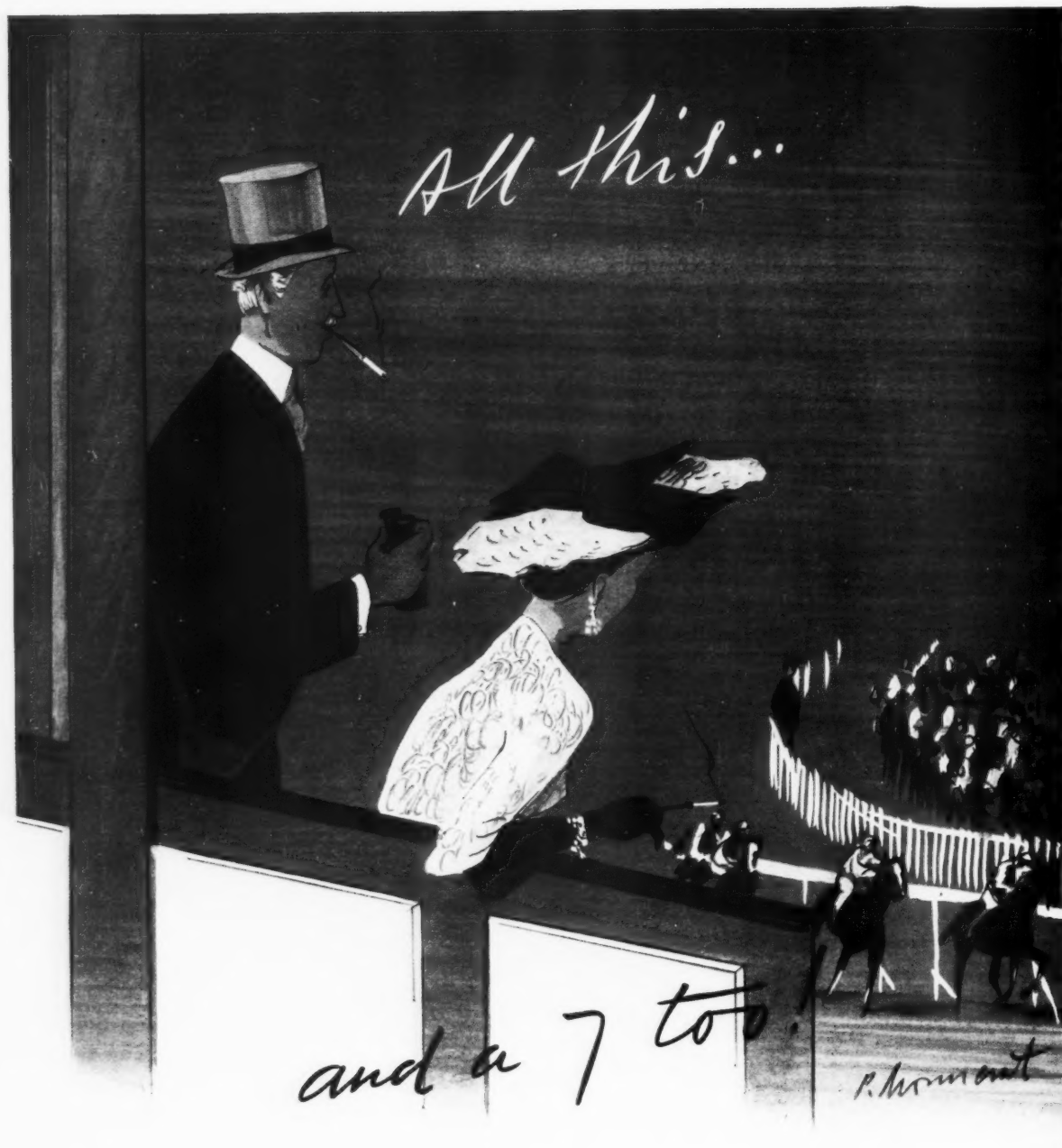
PUNCH



1948

SUMMER NUMBER





The clouds like galleons overhead — the grass like velvet underfoot. The crisp, satiny coats of the horses — the bright splendour of the jockeys' silk. Off at ten past three . . . and home at 20 to 1. And for perfection, one thing more —

ABDULLA N° 7

Fine 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/8

ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

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The latest types of Hoover Cleaner— quality higher than ever!

WHY GO ON wearing yourself out, trying to keep your carpets and the rest of your home clean by old-fashioned methods, when you can have the latest type of Hoover to do the job properly? The Hoover is the World's Best Cleaner, and in the latest post-war models quality and efficiency are higher than ever before. Supplies are limited, so for early delivery see your Authorised Hoover Dealer now. There is a Hoover Cleaner for every size and type of home—prices from £10.10.0 to £21.0.0 plus purchase tax.

★ **Cleaning Tools**
now available
— see your Authorised
Hoover Dealer



The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans



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DEEP, peaceful sleep is the only complete and satisfying form of rest... and you will be wise to do everything possible to ensure it.

A regular bedtime cup of 'Ovaltine' will prove a great help. Its delicious creamy, soothing nourishment does much to relax the tired body, calm the nerves and provide the conditions most favourable to sleep.

While you sleep, the special nutritive properties of 'Ovaltine' assist in restoring body and mind, renewing strength and energy, so that you awake bright-eyed and cheerful... feeling and looking your best.

Drink delicious

OVALTINE
The World's Best Night-cap

P.635A

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to be a
Beautiful
Lady

Marjorie is making sure that the dolls House will be spic and span for the party! Marjorie plays with her dolls by the hour—and it is delightful to watch her as she plans exciting events in their lives! With that fresh young beauty and delicate colouring she will have an exciting life herself when she grows up! Mummy is guarding Marjorie's good looks carefully with Pears Soap and clear water—surely "Preparing her to be a Beautiful Lady".

PEARS SOAP

We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now

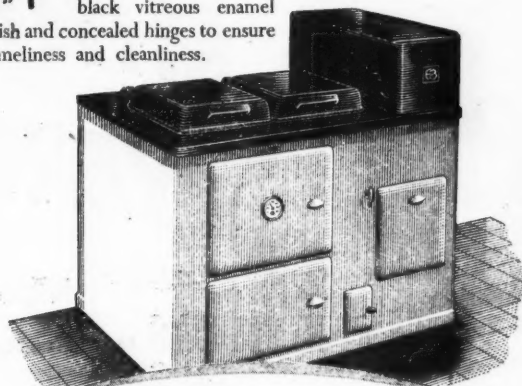
A. & F. Pears Ltd.

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GOES TO SEA . . .



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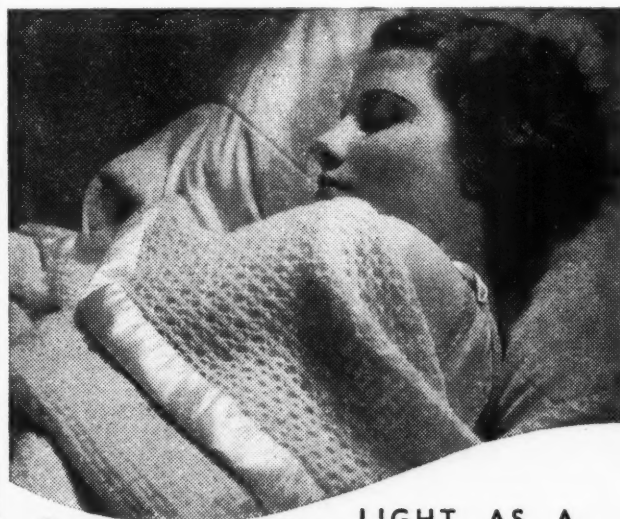
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Corsets, girdles, corselettes and brassieres.

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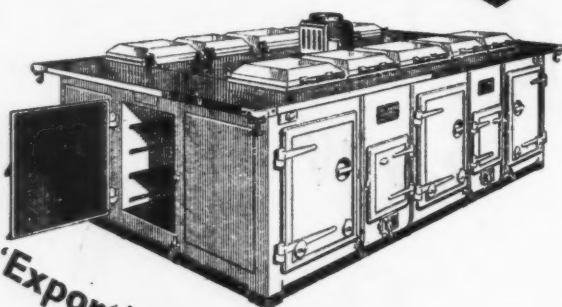
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giving caressing warmth without weight. These cellular blankets are cherished possessions and if you take care of them they will last a lifetime.



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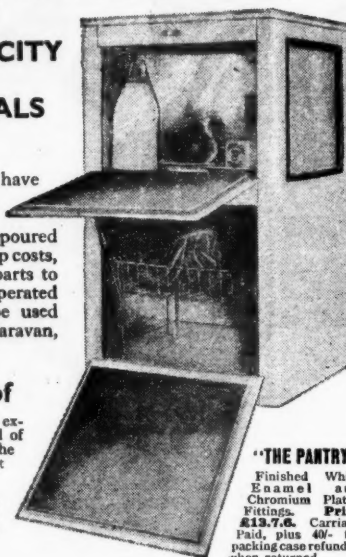
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IT PRESERVES THE VITAMINS**

**Huntley
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*the first name
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MONK & GLASS

is jolly good Custard



"You won't tell a soul, will you . . . ?

I'd feel so silly if people knew I used to think Pimm's No.1 was a kind of typewriter. That was *years* ago, of course, when I was completely uneducated and couldn't tell a gin-sling from a catapult."

PIMM'S No.1

We make it from suave London distilled gin, hard-to-get liqueurs from France and Holland and, of course, a certain something. You add bottled lemonade and ice—and you have the most heavenly drink on earth.

Delicious MARMITE SANDWICHES

Children love savoury sandwiches and they're good for them too, if the filling is wisely chosen. Ten-to-one they'll choose Marmite themselves, but it's certainly Mother's choice for the whole family. A little Marmite added to three parts of butter or margarine has lots of flavour and goodness, and provides vitamins of the B₂ group for good health.



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I see our
old friend
is **BACK AGAIN**

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The Quality Soft drink



SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE

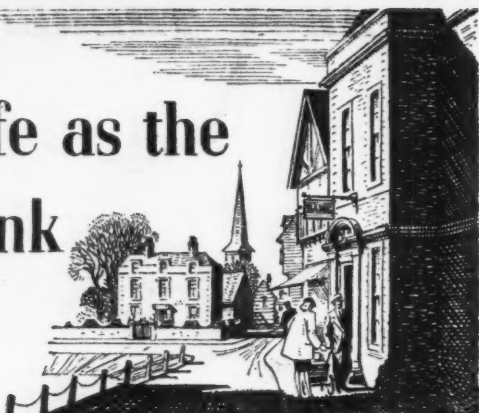
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Wine Merchants to His Majesty The King

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By appointment
MOTOR MOWER
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ATCO SERVICE

Though your Atco is already at work your Atco Depot Manager can arrange to service it between mowings if you will contact him in good time.

Scenes can ruin blades. Shortage of high quality steel makes replacement difficult. Look before you mow!

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and remember

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REAL ORANGE JUICE



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Speaks for itself



Takes twelve pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{8}$ " or sixteen $2\frac{1}{8} \times 1\frac{3}{8}$ " on size E.20 film.

The more critically you examine the Commando the more it speaks for itself... it reveals a history of high-calibre craftsmanship, of beautiful optical and mechanical precision.

Its shutter—the incomparable Epsilon—is lastingly accurate to a degree never before known. The Ensar lens (an exquisite example of British optical supremacy) and the many refinements and exclusive features incorporated in the Commando, welcome expert examination.

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LIME JUICE CORDIAL
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GRAPE FRUIT

To be found again in "foreign parts"—but very scarce at home

THE CREAM OF
SALAD CREAMS



Said the Lobster—

What's a
LOBSTER SALAD
without

SUTTONS
SALAD CREAM

1/2 PER BOTTLE

MAKERS OF "MASTER TOUCH" SAUCE,
FINE PICKLES AND CANNED GOODS

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Birthday*

Or the occasion may be
an engagement... a wedding ...
an anniversary.
Mark the day by giving her

Muse.

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Coty



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*The World's Most
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Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. The King
McVitie & Price Ltd.

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very particular
always say

**MCVITIE &
PRICE'S
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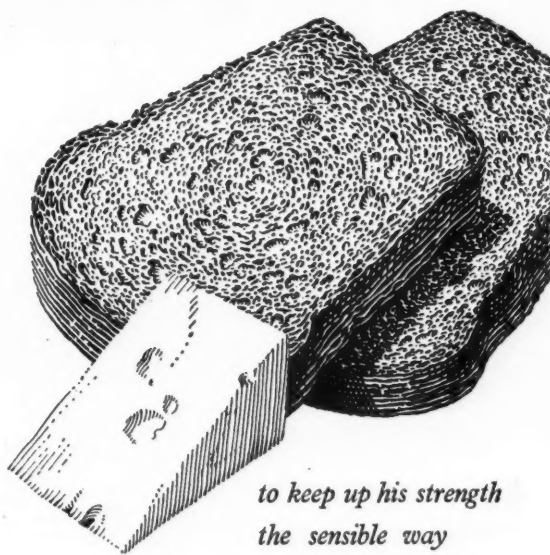
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One
pound of
LEMCO contains
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juices of over
30 pounds of
prime beef.



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The breadwinner eats more Hovis now . . .



*to keep up his strength
the sensible way*

Hovis

THE BETTER - BALANCED BREAD

Forget your feet Walk naturally and
free from strain on the perfectly flat inner-
sole that is fitted for your especial comfort
in every Arch Preserver shoe.



ARCH PRESERVER

SHOES



ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD., 17-18 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. (Wholesale only)



Is your powder-tone right?

So many women choose at random and look flushed or sallow in consequence. Now that Yardley are again making their powder in nine shades there's no excuse for carelessness. Do please get the right one and do yourself justice. Another thing; do you fluff your powder on? Try patting it into your Yardley Make-up Base with a firm hand and see how lastingly it clings! Remember, an excellent tonic for your skin is expert treatment in the Yardley Beauty Salon at 33 Old Bond Street London W1

YARDLEY



When you crunch Ryvita, your reward is twofold. Ryvita's crispness quickens your appetite, the glands of your mouth and your digestion. Its delicious flavour puts new enjoyment into whatever you eat with it.

Rarely is health promoted in a more delightful way.

Fine, thanks!

I eat crisp
crunchy RYVITA
as my daily bread



RYVITA



Like father, like son

When it's a matter of clothes, the younger man, like his father, wisely entrusts his requirements to the Man's Shop at Harrods. Here in his own special section is a wide range of clothes, of distinctive yet tasteful design, styled especially for the "sixteens to nineteens."

Younger Man's Shop

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



WHAT HE WROTE

"It may interest you to know that I opened a 2oz. Tin of Punchbowl yesterday—being one of several that I have had laid by for years: the contents were absolutely perfect; the bouquet charming... You may be able to tell the age by the attached label and wrapper taken from the Tin."

FROM OUR REPLY

Judging by the inset, this particular tin of Punchbowl must be all of twenty years old... we have had several EVERFRESH tins on test at this office for a number of years and it is very gratifying to learn that you, also, have found Punchbowl in perfect condition after such a length of time.

In conclusion

Barneys, and its kindred Tobaccos* are like unto good wine; they improve—mellow—with keeping; such good tobacco, so well protected from all climatic change.

* Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full).

(297) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne

17

SUMMER NUMBER 1948



After you!



"Quick—follow that house."

Second Fiddle

OLD Jan Riddle,
So I've heard
tell,
He played the viddle
Uncommon well.

Master player
Was old Jan Riddle.
But all he played
Was second viddle.

And when folk said,
As folk they would,
Play first viddle
They thought Jan
should,

He'd only smile
And say he reckoned
Somebody'd got
To play the second,

And if he played
So well's he could,
Why, first or second
'Twas just as good.

And now old Jan
In churchyard lays,
And his old viddle
Nobody plays.

But old Jan Riddle,
So I've heard tell,
He played that viddle
Uncommon well—

Master player
Was old Jan Riddle,
For all he played
But second viddle.

C. F. S.



I Become Engaged.

WHEN we came out of the cinema we found that it was raining heavily.

"We'd better get the bus," I said. The bus stop was round the corner, a few hundred yards away. We walked towards it, heads down and shoulders hunched.

"Oh, look!" said my popsie, "we've missed the bus. What was that you said?"

"Nothing," I said. "It's only a mile."

We walked onward. At the foot of the hill I looked at my popsie. Amazing, I thought, but she even looks beautiful under these Mephistophelean blue lights: sort of tone poem and dream-like. Then I remembered my dream and my knees began to knock; I felt faint and dry-mouthed. I was so scared that I was gulping for breath.

"This is my dream," I said.

"What dream?" she asked.

"I dreamed I was walking in the rain with a fair-haired girl and—"

"And what?"

"Listen, popsie," I said, "do you love me?"

"Of course," she said.

"Well, will you marry me?"

"What!"

She was silent for a while. I bit a few finger-nails off.

"Was that why you wanted to walk in the rain?" she said.

"I didn't want to walk in the rain," I said.

"But you want to marry me?"

"Yes."

"You know, I'm rather young," she said, "but—"

"But nothing," I said. "Do you want to?"

"Oh yes," she said.

There was a pause then while she pushed my front-filling out for the third time. An old lady went by complaining bitterly about the present generation.

"Gosh," I said, "let me get my breath back."

"Look at the rain," she said.

It was pouring: we were both soaked.

"Let's go in this phone-box," I said.

"What shall we look up?"

"Smith," I said. "It'll take longer."

"I feel dazed," she said.

"Me too," I agreed. "Do you know, popsie, we're engaged. I guess you'll want a diamond ring now."

"No," she said, "blue sapphire and diamonds."

"Oh?" I said.

"And you'd better get it soon," she said, "because the prices are going up a hundred per cent."

"Oh?" I said.

"You must come and ask Pop now," she said.

"Ask Pop?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm under age."

"Listen," I said, "I'm dazed. I don't know what I'm doing. I'll ask him to-morrow."

"Oh, all right. We'll go and get supper."

We went to her home. The rest of the family were having supper. Dorothy screamed with laughter.

"Look at your hair," she said.

"What have you been up to?"

"We got caught in the rain," I said.

"It's raining."

"Is it raining?" asked Colin.

"Yes," I said.

"Let him dry his hair," said Pop.

My popsie dried my hair in the front room and I dried hers. We took an hour to do this and looked like gollywogs when we had finished. Dorothy brought our supper on a tray. I ate the last two cakes on the last bus. I got to sleep after a long while.

When I woke up I felt different, sort of unreal. At the office I had to tell someone and told Bill. In the afternoon I met my popsie outside a café. She looked so interesting that I felt faint. We sat down at a corner table. The waitress was one we knew quite well: she came straight away.

"What will you have?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

"Perhaps I'll have some tomatoes, sausages and chips. Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said. "I just feel a little peculiar to-day, that's all."

"I feel wonderful," she said.

"So do I," I said, "but not hungry."

"Have you told anyone?" she asked.

"Well, I told Bill. How about you?"

"Allison and Jean know."

I groaned. That meant the whole family knew before I'd asked Pop. When could I get him alone? I asked her. Was he on his allotment? She said he'd given it up now, because of his lumbago. She said he might be alone at eight o'clock. Ah! I thought: she has arranged it.

It was a sunny evening and we went for a walk. When we wandered back to her home it was still only dusk. In the house it was dark and after I'd hung my coat up I almost fell into the brightly lit room.

"Oh, hello, everyone," I said.

"Hello, Jim," my popsie's mother said. "Is it cold out?"

"No," I said, "it's lovely."

There was a fire crackling away and they were sitting round it: six girls, Colin, the two parents and a cat. The cat was on my side. I couldn't see Pop, but I could hear his voice from the arm-chair. I thought absently that they looked different to-day. Then it hit me: they knew! They knew exactly why I had come there at eight o'clock instead of the usual ten. I was suddenly numb with fright. I didn't know whether I was coming or going, but I hoped I was going. Don't be a fool, I thought: you were not scared when people fired guns at you. (Well, not much anyway; well, not *very* much anyway; well, anyway . . .)

"Wouldn't you like to sit nearer the fire?" asked Jean. "Betty, move round a bit so Jimmy can sit by the fire."

"No, it's all right," I said. "I'm fine here. It's very warm in here."

"Get Jim a cup of tea," said my popsie's mother.

"No, thanks, honestly."

"Do you want some supper?" asked my popsie.

"No, really, thanks."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I said. "It's early for supper."

"I'm hungry," she said, "and it's half-past eight."

Have you noticed the way women can eat in times of crises? Isn't it awful? The emotional sex, eh? See them after a funeral!

"Do you want to read the paper?" asked Colin.

I did. Good old Colin. I took the paper with shaking hands and hid behind it. I made facetious remarks about the Government until I remembered that Pop is a Socialist. After that I concentrated on blue blood. My popsie was trying to get Pop to go out of the room so that I could grab him.

"Don't you want your slippers on to-night?"

"Yes," he said, "but I can't find them."

"They're in your bedroom," said Allison. "Betty, go and fetch them."

"Shan't," said Betty.

"Why don't you smoke that nice pipe, Pop?" said my popsie. "That old thing stinks."

Pop took the bandaged pipe out of his mouth and explained its technical details. Apparently they made really good pipes in 1913.

"Who's going to get supper



"None of my guests has ever actually asked me to PROVE the statement, but . . ."

to-night?" my popsie said. "Betty, you ought to."

"Shan't," said Betty. "I got tea."

"Selfish beast," said Joan.

"You need talk," Barbara said,

"you haven't helped since Monday."

I hid behind the paper until they'd fought it out. It was the same every night: supper was ultimately prepared by the one who was hungry, usually my popsie or Betty. On this night Betty was hungry and went into the kitchen. Soon I could smell something frying; later I could smell it burning. My stomach retired behind my backbone at the thought of food, but I awaited the torture with calm.

"Have you read this?" asked Joan, holding up a novel.

"As far as page four," I said.

"Didn't you like it?"

"Jimmy doesn't like female writers," said my popsie, encouragingly.

"I just don't like that one," I said, blushing.

"I think these Russian writers are marvellous."

"That one is English," I said.

There was a slight silence, followed by a remark from Pop.

"Joan reads a lot of tripe," he said.

"Oh, you're an old sausage," Joan said. "You haven't read anything since 1899."

"Nothing has been written since 1899," said Pop, retiring behind one of my *Requies*.

"Have you seen the night-dress Jean's made?" asked my popsie. My blush heightened a little.

"No," I said.

They showed it to me.

"Where are the sleeves?" I asked.

"There aren't any," Jean said.

"A bit cold for you," I said.

"I'm going to make one like that," said my popsie.

"Are you?" I said, unable to think of anything brilliant in mixed company.

"Do you mind?" she said, looking a bit peeved. "You don't sound very interested."

"Should he mind?" said Barbara.

I gave my popsie an anxious look.

"Well, I thought he'd show more interest," she said.

"A lot of nonsense," said Pop.

"What is?" asked Jean.

"Glamour. To freeze to death for glamour."

"They're nice and warm really," said Jean. "Anyway, you're too old to care."

"You'll want something to keep your blood warm when you're my age," said Pop. "Joan, put some coal on the fire."

"Do it yourself," said Joan, "I've just washed my hands."

"Allison, put some coal on."

"I can't, I'm busy."

"I'll do it," I said. "Where's the coal?"

"No," he said, getting up, "you sit down, Jim."

"Wait a minute!" I said, as he got out into the hall; I grabbed my popsie by the hair and pulled her along, "I want to speak to you."

"Half a minute. Let me light my pipe."

He pushed my popsie away and we went into the front room.

"I want to come too," my popsie said.

"We don't want you," he said. "Go and get some coal for the fire." He shut the door.

"I expect you know what I want to ask," I said.

"No, Jim, I don't, really."

"Well—er—" I said and cleared my throat, "I love your daughter, and incredibly enough she loves me . . . and we want to get married . . . some day."

"Which daughter?" he said.

"The blonde one," I said.

"You love her?" he said. He looked rather astonished that anyone should.

"Yes," I said, "very much."

"You know that she threw the porridge at me the other morning?"

"Yes," I said, "very wrong of course, but I still love her."

"Well, I'm damned!" he said.

We had an interesting talk for nearly two hours, covering art, literature, music, the war, politics, family life with eight daughters, the cost of existing and his early difficulties. Eventually we talked about my popsie. I don't think he minded losing her; neither would you if you had that many.

Eventually the females couldn't endure it any longer and burst upon us.

The next evening Terry rang up.

"Have you seen the papers?" he shouted. "Johnny's pegged it."

"Never mind that," I said. "Have you seen the engagement column?"

"What!" he said. "My goodness! You?"

Beards for Export

CALL it escapism if you like: the fact remains that every day now I find myself more and more drawn to inward meditation on the subject of the American Civil War. Particularly do my thoughts dwell and linger (as might a straying pig in an asparagus-bed) on the censurable conduct of General Longstreet on the third of July, 1863, at a place called Gettysburg.

Nor is it only at seasons of solitude and tranquillity that this long-dead general appears to me. I should incur but little censure by ruminating on that warrior's fatal hesitancy in my bath. (Only a fool, by the way, would misinterpret that last sentence.) But how shall we excuse, or explain, the gradual dislimning of the front page of our evening newspaper into the speaking likeness of a tall, red-faced,

bearded lieutenant-general of the Confederate States Army? We shall not attempt it. Mark, though, how his beard curls up at the edges.

Or suppose the writer seated in an arm-chair in front of the fire when someone turns on the wireless. The room thereupon fills with the eager voices of three well-informed men who expound in turn and, towards the end of the discussion, simultaneously, the several policies which in their respective opinions afford this hapless country its only hope of surviving for more than six months. The writer hears nothing of this after the first few seconds. Instead he hears the wild yell of Stonewall Jackson's infantry as they spring from the cover of the dripping Maryland woods; the shrill clamour of the Federal bugles sounding a dawn alarm; the rattle of musketry

along the picket-line; and the rending, tearing sound of the frantic Federal commander pulling handfuls out of his beard. It was owing to these frequent alarms that the beards of the Federal commanders, towards the end of the war, became sparse and irregular. President Lincoln, in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief, had some difficulty in growing a beard at all.

It is not that I am insensible to the appeals of the Prime Minister and others. I am anxious to make an extra effort; but if I increase my literary output by ten per cent., who is going to print the additional articles? Who, indeed, is going to print any of it? I could of course try to write ten per cent. better. One does not close one's mind to the possibility that there may be room for this degree of improvement. Should one, then, read a chapter

of Ruskin every day before breakfast? Or should one not rather take the less ambitious but more tangibly rewarding course of cleaning out the "o," "e" and "a" of one's typewriter with a pin?

Meanwhile, however, the long grey column of the Rebel army is winding its way down the valley of the Shenandoah, in its midst a rigid figure on horseback wearing a threadbare general's uniform and sucking a lemon. At the midday halt General Jackson (for it is none other) rides up to a thickset, black-bearded brigadier and says jerkily: "General Early, I don't want to see any stragglers from your brigade this afternoon." "Then don't ride behind it," snarls Early; and so black, tough and bristling are he and his beard at this juncture that Stonewall moves off without a word.

Stonewall Jackson was not present at the Battle of Gettysburg. (It is always a good thing to have one or two unassailable facts in an article of this kind.) The shape, size and density of his beard, therefore, are outside the

scope of the present inquiry. In any case information on these points is less precise than might be expected. Colonel Henderson's admirable biography devotes considerable space to the general's personal eccentricities (he took all his meals standing up, and had a habit of flinging one arm skyward during a conversation), but of his beard little or nothing is said. But there is absolutely no ground for the hypothesis that Jackson was clean-shaven.

We would do better, I feel, to turn to General Longstreet on the third of July. I had intended to describe at some length his behaviour on this fateful day; but I must now compress it into a few lines. Briefly, it must be understood that my description of his conduct as "censurable" implies no slur on either the ability or the courage of this valiant, loyal, stout-hearted, curly-bearded officer. As a man he was entirely admirable; as a general he was more than usually competent. His only weakness—which on this occasion had such momentous results—was that

he took a long time to get started. In this he was the antithesis of that brilliant Federal commander, Ulysses Simpson Grant, who, whatever his personal failings (his beard seems to have been the consequence of neglecting to shave rather than the product of any conscious art), let remarkably little grass grow under his feet.

But Grant was not at Gettysburg either; which brings us once again, inexorably, to the question of the balance of payments and the export-import gap. I have little hope of selling the film rights of this article in the United States; but would anyone care to make me a bid of fifteen dollars for my photograph of General Longstreet's horse?

"Plump Enrico Caruso, jun., Caruso's 41-year-old son, is reported to have given up his singing career because he does not think he sings as well as a Caruso should.

It is only two years since he sang his first professional aria."—*Evening paper*.

Wasn't it big enough?



"It's just like what you've always said, Mr. Harper—truth is stranger than fiction."



"You've buried your daddy just by the jetty."

Mister E.

MRS. E.
Comes to Do for Me
From ten till one,
Accompanied by a nebulous Mister
Who sits upon my ego like a blister.
E. does not materialize,
Being as yet
Only a sort of ectoplasmic threat.
Early I learned his size in shoes
And that he likes to do the Children's Crossword in the
Evening News.
I know the colour of his eyes
And that he thinks the Government "no go";
Mrs. E. has confided his age,
The exact amount of his weekly wage,
That he thinks Mrs. E. a wonderful cook,
And his personal reactions to the New Look.
I am also aware that he knows my husband is writing a book
And his opinions of that, unstated, are *there*—
(I suspect "author" to E. is synonymous with "spiv,"
Though, says Mrs. E., his motto is: "Live and let live,"
And, whilst he never smokes himself,
"You can't expect everyone to be particular about their
half."
A groan
Goes up before the ash-trays of my drone.)
Mrs. E.
Can be relied upon for stating
When contemplating
The empty bottles underneath the sink:
"Mr. E. don't drink,
He's too afraid:
He knew a man once that went *quite* funny
Just drinking that there gassy lemonade."
The devotion of Mrs. E. is beyond measure.
It gives her so much pleasure
To relate
The blessings relative to her matrimonial state—

But nevertheless, I MUST SAY—
When she unrolled her overall to-day
And **THEY** lay there,
Folded in a devotional square:
"Mr. E.'s old flannels;
They'll do nicely for the floors,
So much softer to handle
Than them floor-cloths of yours."

Technique

TECHNIQUE may be defined as how to do a thing.
In shutting a suitcase, for example, it consists of not
filling it so full that two people have to stand on the
lid. Any shutting resulting from this would be a triumph
of desperation and the very opposite of technique. At the
same time I want my readers to realize that there is nothing
technical about shutting a suitcase containing one overcoat
and a shoe at each end. The skill lies in putting in as
much as would not go in if someone else tried, and prefer-
ably after someone else has. Technique is, in fact, another
word for skill but a longer and more critical word with some
arresting consonants.

The arts are, of course, brimful of technique, and nowhere
is it more evident, I mean more imperceptible, than in the
job of orchestra-conducting. To the general public con-
ducting might be supposed to comprise simply waving a
baton up and down in time to the orchestra; but the public's
increasing musical awareness and its goodness of heart have
long since made conducting a lot more than that. Everyone
knows that conductors do not merely wave a baton in one
hand, they raise, flap or flatten their other hand in a way
which can only mean that the orchestra takes this other
hand very seriously. Sometimes they wave both arms as
wildly as if they were holding two batons or none, and
sometimes they quieten down to the extent of appearing
to the further rows to have packed up. All this is to the
public a very fine example of musical technique in action,
and it has only to read what the papers say next day about
a performance to realize afresh that experts are never
satisfied, and also that to have been present yourself at
something written about in a paper does not necessarily
make it worth more than four lines of print.

THE technique of acting has been much in the public eye
lately, and my readers must have noticed how often a
good actor is allowed by the experts to have a sense of
timing. This is a very technical quality indeed, for to the
public (I am referring again to the general public, to those
members of a theatrical audience who have no idea how
the lights work) actors seem to be getting along all right
if on the one hand they wait till the actor before them has
finished, and on the other hand do not pause for so long
that the audience feels its ears getting miserably warm.
But there is obviously more in timing than these two simple
rules, and the public may assume that is one of those
artistic effects we can appreciate without knowing we are
getting. I mentioned lights, and I should like to mention
the three occasions when an audience really notices them;
when the stage goes dark to denote that there is about to
be the minimum of scuffling and a new scene, when the
sun sets in layers, and when someone switches on a desk-
lamp. The technique of stage-scenery is a little better
known, most theatre-goers having a particularly clear idea
of a woodland glade, with the foliage in yellowish-green
slices down the sides



"I AM getting a statement, but she won't stop talking."

Now for some of the technical aspects of ordinary life; tie-tying, for example, and how to get up all the crumbs from a polished floor instead of only some. Those of my readers who tie ties do it so automatically that were they to stop and think they might not be able to go on, so that it may please them to know that scientists believe a conscious first attempt in front of a looking-glass would prove that people are cleverer than they think when they translate their right hand into their left. Crumb-sweeping is not nearly so automatic. The thing here is that at each sweep a few crumbs go under the dust-pan, so that it depends on mathematics, or the last crumbs flying out of sight, to get rid of the lot. The technique of sweeping a whole crumb-dotted dining-room (this may happen to the least domestic of my readers between breakfast and lunch on a Sunday) is even more complicated. The skill here is in making a good job of the bits round the table-legs, in not getting up too suddenly when under the table, and, if the floor has a carpet in the middle and the actual floor round the edges, in getting the crumbs on to the surround (a technical term used mainly in floor-staining) and steering them into a negotiable patch without losing them on the way.

Handing round tea-cups may seem to be a simple procedure, but there is more to it than not slopping the tea into the saucers, and even that is not as easy as it seems to anyone watching anyone else. Tea-cup handing-round reaches its zenith, or highest point of muddle, at a tea-party; that is, when people are sitting about all over the room (some on brought-in chairs placed on areas of the carpet where no one has ever sat on a chair before) and someone in the corner is dripping the teapot on the clean cloth and trying to organize distribution. This calls for such technique that the organizer is likely to wonder if even nowadays it wouldn't have been easier to ask everyone to dinner, and one of the difficulties is that the hander-round, getting waylaid by talk and perhaps being a bit dreamy anyway, has often not got such definite ideas of precedence as the tea-pourer, who will thus have been pouring out rather strong and rather weak cups to no purpose whatever. The plate-hander, having a simpler job, will probably do better except for forgetting the knives, but may leave someone out altogether and let the tea-giving side in for an enormous expenditure of solicitude. When you add to this confused scene the people taking

round the bread-and-butter without the scones, the people stepping over people's feet to recall the sugar, and the cross-talk about little tables and chair-arms, you get an only slightly exaggerated picture of what a tea-party goes through before it can settle down before someone has to jump up to hand the scones round again. Finally there is the business of making sure that everyone has finished eating and has not just stopped for lack of opportunity.

To readers hoping for some technical advice about tea-party giving I can only suggest that they keep their heads and, if they are specially normal types, try not to see themselves too clearly as someone giving a tea-party; though some people, sociologists tell us, are rather encouraged by suddenly detaching themselves from the conversation and hearing it as a social noise for which they are entirely responsible.

ANDE.

In Fulham Palace Road

THERE dwells, O friends, in Fulham Palace Road
A maiden who is fully four foot nine;
Her voice is music in the Phrygian mode,
Her glance intoxicates like new-born wine.

And she is not so simple as she seems,
For all her nose tip-tilted to the skies;
For there are seven hundred flowery dreams
Concealed behind the sharpness of her eyes.

And one of these is of a certain Sid,
Who by Saint Dunstan's and sweet Margravine
Trundles his milk-float, with his battered lid
Pushed backwards from the curls upon his bean.

And on his round he sings, how loud he sings!
Then momentarily they meet, these happy twain,
And mounting Love spreads out his coloured wings
And soars to Hammersmith and back again.



Give a Dog a Good Name.

WHEN any household acquires a new puppy the first thing to do is to choose a suitable name for it. By suitable I mean apt, easy to pronounce—particularly at the top of the voice across a field full of chivvied sheep—and officially accepted by all the family as the correct manner in which to refer to the creature. In addressing it personally of course certain other sobriquets may occasionally be permitted, such as “Wazzums,” “Downsir (or Downmadam),” “We-ell-liddle-ding” and “You-wicked-wicked-animal.”

On the other hand, when a household which has acquired a new puppy does start choosing a suitable name for it all hell sometimes breaks loose. I refer in particular to households with children, households in which it is practically impossible to agree upon a name because each member has a different name to suggest and each is convinced that that is the perfect one, supporting the argument by wildly illogical reasoning—“See, daddy, when I put her dinner down and called ‘Toots’ she came at once,” or “I think she ought to be called Aloysius because it’s a lovely name.” No doubt you have by now gathered that I possess such a household, plus a new puppy, plus all hell broken loose.

Apart from the puppy, which is a Lakeland Terrier from under the Sussex Downs—a sort of Dewpond Terrier—there are five of us in the household, and within a week of the animal’s arrival it had seven names, each of which was the Absolutely Only Possible one. Don’t ask me about the mathematics of this. Maybe you’ll understand better if I tell you that two of the household are female children.

You must not of course imagine there had only been seven suggestions. This is a household which goes in for nomenclature in a big way. It gives its rabbits names like Wednesday or Toothpick or Nine-Fifteen, and once even adopted a “speshul” wood-louse called Willie. No, these seven were merely the residue after the more peculiar efforts—The Lady of the Lakes was one—had been ruled out of serious consideration.

The discussion at last got so acrimonious that I decided we must vote officially at a specially convened meeting: otherwise the puppy looked like going through life with a string of names worthy of a Spanish grandee. I have the minutes of the meeting by me still.

Minutes of a Pretty-Extraordinary General Meeting to Decide on a Name for the Household’s Puppy.

Present: Self (Chairman); Wife (Very Managing Director); First, Second, and Third Shareholders (Son, Large Daughter, Small Daughter).

The meeting being called to order with difficulty, the Chairman opened by saying it gave him great pleasure to occupy the best chair. As they all knew, the meeting was to decide and abide by a name for a female puppy. A limited list of — would the Second Shareholder stop squeaking her shoes on the rung of her chair, it was driving him crackers — list of acceptable names . . .

The Second Shareholder here pointed out that it wasn’t her, it was the Third Shareholder. The T.S. denied this hotly, stating at the same time in true legal manner that if it was her it was a squeak that couldn’t be heard, and if it could be heard it was only the teeniest tiniest . . .

The Very Managing Director here called the T.S. to order, remarking with gratuitous offensiveness that the Chairman took long enough to say anything anyway without her arguing.

Resuming, the Chairman said where was he—oh yes, list of acceptable names, which he would now read out: Anna, Vicki, Bella, Juliet—why Juliet, by the way?

The S.S. said because the puppy had a beard like old Cousin Juliet at Eastbourne.



Recalling to the meeting that Cousin Juliet was rich and childless, the Chairman moved that this name be deleted. The meeting protested on the grounds that it was a lovely idea; and a vote was taken, resulting in four to one against deletion. Following the example of the highest authorities, the Chairman vetoed this decision because he didn’t agree with it himself and deleted Juliet. He accepted the V.M.D.’s suggestion of Caroline as a substitute—not being able to recall any elderly rich bearded relative named Caroline at that moment—and concluded the list with Nicky, Nicks and Pants.

Continuing, he said each person would now vote for two names, two points going to the first choice and one to the second. The introduction of a second choice would, he hoped, prevent the deadlock which would otherwise be caused by each person voting for their own particular favourite.

The S.S. said everyone must vote for Vicki because that was the one she wanted. The V.M.D. said the S.S.’s attitude fully qualified her for a seat on the U.N. Council. The First Shareholder here requested the Chairman to get cracking, Pa. The F.S. had given the impression throughout of only attending the meeting as a great favour, his preference being obviously for a slaughter-party in the copse with some wood-pigeons and his ‘22 rifle.

The voting accordingly took place, Vicki topping the list with two first choices. The Chairman expressed his surprise, whereupon the V.M.D. stated brazenly that knowing the S.S. was so keen on that name and would be so impossibly sulky if it were not chosen, she had voted for it too. The Chairman, remarking bitterly that the whole business smacked strongly of an Eastern European democratic election, formally announced that the dog was henceforth to be called Vicki.

And that was how we officially named our puppy.

We then opened the door, the puppy rushed in and my wife said: “Come along, then, Tiddler!”—an appellation nobody had even heard or thought of till that moment.

So our puppy’s name is Tiddler. Simple! A. A.

“THIS MACHINE
ISSUES
TWO 4d. STAMPS
FOR
ONE PENNY.”

Notice on P.O. slot machine.

Ah—a pre-war notice, no doubt.



"... and all those nice soothing seaside posters: I suppose we'll never—



see them again."

The Fugitive Ticket

"**E**RE, this'll 'ardly do," said the ticket-collector moderately as he returned to me a card upon which was printed a choice of three correct weights with, on the reverse side, a statement to the effect that I had a determined disposition which would stop at nothing, but might be well advised, for some reason quite unfathomable, to avoid embarking upon new enterprises during the latter half of the week.

The ticket-collector snapped his clippers with an air of quiet boredom while I began turning out my pocket-book. There was a dry-cleaner's receipt on the reverse side of which was the admonition that goods not reclaimed within a month would be returned to the depot, a warning of which I had evidently taken little heed as the receipt was six weeks old already. There followed a small folded paper containing lighter-flints sent to me by my wife when I had S.O.S.'d violently for them five years ago in Cairo—only to have my lighter stolen before their arrival. The ticket-collector's clippers snapped greedily on sight of an insurance agent's business-card and a bus-ticket from Belsize Park to Chalk Farm Stn Undg, districts which I have never visited, so that the presence of a bus ticket to and from such places seemed unexplainable unless someone had been borrowing my clothes. The insurance agent's business-card was more easily traceable, however, since I had one day seen a house of which the upstairs flat appeared to be empty, and on inquiry had encountered the occupier who promptly sold me an insurance policy by way of consolation. The ticket-collector had moved towards me as if the lighter-flints afforded him some manner of interest, only to step sadly away as the next train came in, its hurrying passengers dividing me from him for a few minutes. While he collected the tickets of these new arrivals I turned out an Algerian stamp I had been keeping for a nephew, a filled-in football-pool coupon, a farthing and the address torn off an envelope belonging to somebody called Tadpole.

When the crowd had gone on its way, leaving me and my companion once more face to face, he suggested:

"Some people put them in the band of their hat. Some people put them under the silk band or the whatchu-maycallit band on the outside, and there's blokes what stick 'em under the thingummy band on the inside wot goes to keep your hair oil from making the hat dirty." He paused,

clipping the air thoughtfully. "Then there's blokes put them in match-boxes," he added.

Feeling for matches I encountered a bent packet of cigarettes, one of which I offered the collector who placed it between pencil and cap above his ear. I then asked if he had a match, but of course he had none either, a contingency which left me with an unused cigarette added to the pocket-book miscellanea in my free hand. Placing the cigarette between my lips I returned the pocket-book to my pocket and found there one non-safety match which the collector struck knowingly against the railing. My overcoat pockets produced four handkerchiefs and, no doubt the sentimental souvenir of a forgotten day's outing, a sprig of white heather mixed with shreds of tobacco. This was followed by fourpence halfpenny, an ignition key, a calendar, a cloak-room ticket and an aspirin, with which items I was dealing when another trainload of passengers hastened through the barrier, marshalling their umbrellas, tickets and gloves with a nonchalance humiliating to me. At this point I found that fifty per cent. or more of the enjoyment in smoking a cigarette concerns itself with one's ability to leave off at intervals, and that I, having some of the contents of my pockets in each hand, could not take out of my mouth



"Then she suddenly turned on me and said, 'Well, you've CALLED yourself the breadwinner long enough.'"

the cigarette which had been filming my face with a poisonous nimbus of smoke for some time so that big tears were descending over my cheeks.

"Don't take it so 'ard, mate," said a new voice when the crowd had passed on its way. "It'll turn up sooner or later. Some people try their trouser turn-ups."

I was confronted by a different ticket-collector, who countered my evident surprise with, "My mate's knocked off for breakfast."

With that air of wan desperation experienced when, having fruitlessly mobilized an entire family in a household pipe hunt, one begins a tour of such unlikely hiding places as picture-rails and the back of the gas stove, I turned down my trouser-ends to reveal a quantity of fluff, a button and some dried leaves.

"Then there's shoes," suggested the ticket-collector, as if determined to get the utmost value from my predicament. "Sometimes they falls into shoes."

Standing on one leg at a time I shook from alternate shoes a small piece of gravel and a scrap of material from a dress which my wife was trying to alter for the new look.

Plunging to the very bottom of possibility the ticket-collector said: "Let me see. You came in on the 8.11, didn't you? That'll be back again at 9.11, due in the one after next. Maybe you left it on the floor of the carriage." As we became suddenly enveloped in the crowd coming from the next train I experienced a barely controllable desire to squeeze through in the rush and have done with the business, a whim I might more easily have gratified but for the knowledge that ticket-collectors can see every passenger even though their eyes may be glued upon the tickets they are taking in. As it was I merely forced myself against the human tide to become once more a lonely castaway upon the platform.

"I once knew a bloke lost 'is ticket and found another one," pursued my companion. "'E was looking for a cheap-day single from Epsom Downs and found a return half monthly from Tattenham Corner. 'E was lucky, cos the fare was the same in them days, tho' it's now three-halfpence up."

By this time my overcoat and hat were hanging on the railing while, reflecting upon the curious adaptability of such garments to hanging up under almost any conditions, I went through

my waistcoat-pockets—the coat and hat hanging beside me with a jaunty air of being on a spree after years of confinement to the same hooks in home and office. My waistcoat-pockets revealed a number of three-halfpenny stamps dating back to the days when letter post was that price.

"There's folks tear 'em up without knowing," advised the collector. "And folks that fold 'em cornerways to make little ash-trays. I mind when I was on the main line one time and tickets was all paper, people used to make them all sorts of queer shapes like paper boats and hats and gawky birds and kettles. Interesting, it was, some of the things they used to get up to."

When I turned my attention to my breast-pocket I found a stub of pencil jammed like a tent pole, while over it lay a collection of cards and tickets which it did my heart good to see.

Similarly encouraged was the ticket-collector who, with the air of one seeking bargains at a sale by auction, seized a portion of the booty.

"Ah! Now there's what I call a likely little lot," he said.

For a few minutes we sorted industriously until my helper said "'Ere, wot's all this?" in tones of injured suspicion as he handed me a scrap of paper upon which my own hand had once written:

"And thus my life and this it is,
that I who have embraced eternity
and cupped my hands about the
sunlight's lip,
and fondling revealed where the
palm trees softly lyeing laying
(lying)
lieing of life that is dying (die-
ing?) . . ."

Deeply moved, my companion handed me back the whole miscellany he had been sorting.

"'Ave to carry on by yourself, mate," he said. "'Ere comes the twenty-seven."

And when some five minutes later we were alone again he offered one final suggestion:

"Some blokes 'as a special little pocket made for tickets," he almost soliloquized. "They make 'em in suits in different places and you put them in unsuspecting. There's the 'ackin' jacket style where they stick in a little extra outside pocket for carrying cartridges and golf-tees and cribbage-markers and the like, and then there's little pockets put in unexpected in the waist-band around your trousers, and then there's sometimes little pockets within pockets so to speak. Quite a

lot of people overlook them and find 'em one day with all sorts of things in."

Fevered with last hope, my hands probed and explored every lining, seam and pocket in search of what I knew must exist somewhere on my clothing, one such pocket as the ticket-collector suggested. I explored my way back around pockets I had already visited, tossed on to the platform the rubbish accumulation of years of neglect, and, finally, Eureka! There in a place I had

never previously suspected, just inside my overcoat, was a tiny pocket across the inside of which was strained a small piece of pasteboard. I pulled it out triumphantly and passed it to the ticket-collector, who gave a sigh audible even in a main railway terminus.

"'Ere," he said sadly, "this'll never do."

And he handed me back the piece of card with my weight on one side and my character on the other.



INCOGNITO



Now where have I seen that face before?



Is he a diplomat?



a Cabinet Minister?



a South African millionaire?



a general



a banker?



a duke?



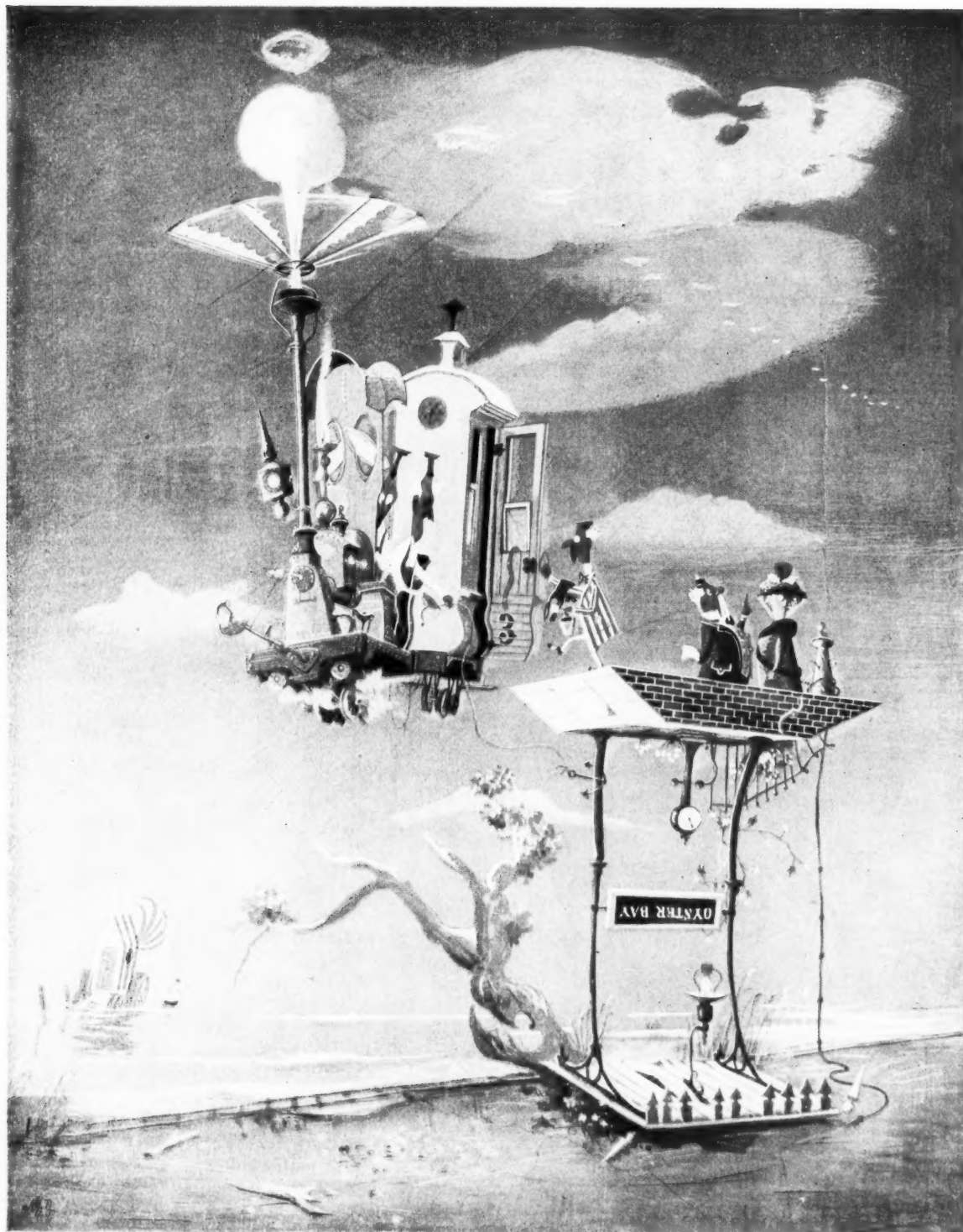
a movie mogul?



Why, of course—he's all of them.







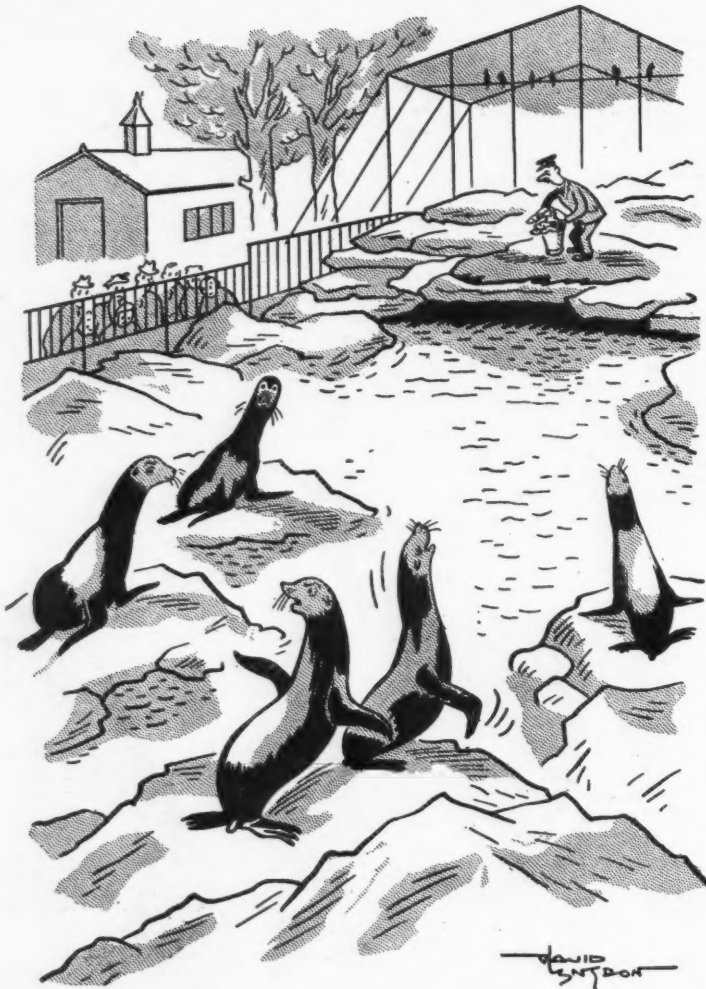
"Some established institutions are BOUND to get topsy-turvy with the march of science . . ."



"Then another way of cooking them was just to fry them in butter..."



"Number nine-thirty-one is exactly the same without the people at the table."



"No. You take silly mid-on and let Sammy come round to square-leg."

My Organ Lesson

I WAS sitting despondently at my "post" at the first-aid centre in Llanweli. It was very easy to be despondent, because the post was in the basement of the Baptist ministry, and my job was to air, three times a week, twenty Army blankets in front of a gas radiator. The basement was dark, the radiator alarmingly temperamental, and the blankets showed how necessary were my labours as the air filled with clouds of steam.

I aired alone except for the company of a harmonium and, on the wall, the picture of a brooding elder produced in sepia. Of the two I became more drawn to the harmonium.

I was covertly eyeing the harmonium

as I sat alone when Mr. Watkins "Stores" poked his head round the area door. Mr. Watkins "Stores" was the local leader of all things musical and he observed my interest with some pleasure.

"Days you spend in this old place, isn't it?"

"Yes," I agreed. "Days."

"Seeing that you spend so much time in here why don't you get the key and have a tune?"

"I don't know how to."

"Easy!" he scoffed. "Nothing to it. Now organ—there's different. No organ here of course," he sniffed. It was easy to see Mr. Watkins was "church." "Musical?"

"Very, but—"

"Give you six organ lessons with pleasure—see you Thursday with boy to blow." He disappeared and I was left to work out the mysterious "boy to blow" on my own.

Thursday afternoon found me approaching the churchyard with much trepidation. I somehow felt from the start I was not really cut out to be an organist. When I arrived a small urchin was perched on a tombstone, whittling a stick.

"Lady for the organ, miss?"

"Just to play," I said hastily.

"I blow choir-practice and me brother services and teacher let me out for the lesson," he announced at great speed.

"That's very nice of the teacher—what's your name?"

"Douglas, miss." And that was very resolute of someone too.

Douglas and I entertained each other until merry whistling heralded the arrival of Mr. Watkins on his bicycle at colossal speed. He propped the bicycle against "Sarah Jane Griffiths" who had departed in 1894, somewhat frivolously on wings, whipped out a natty padlock and then clapped his hands in joyful anticipation.

"Ever played the organ before?"

"Mr. Watkins, I feel I should explain . . ."

"Oh, you'll love it—makes quite a change—more to it than the piano . . ."

"But Mr. Watkins I don't play the p—"

"Then with the accompaniment of full choir . . ." As Douglas and I ran breathlessly after Mr. Watkins, dodging the grave-stones and catching the vestry door on the swing, explanations faded and became useless against his terrific enthusiasm. So, with a sort of fateful resignation I stood back while he unlocked his precious organ, revealing rows of yellow teeth, nasty little knobs, a fly-blown mirror and a fearsome bunch of peeling gilt pipes.

There's a tendency amongst us all to take an organ too much for granted. Not until you try to play one do you realize there's a lot more to the organ than meets the eye. My impression was I had neither hands nor feet enough to give even a mild rendering of "Pop Goes the Weasel." Whether he noticed my expression I don't know, but he began quite suddenly to debunk the organ.

"Don't be frightened of it—I always say take no notice of it and it'll come easy when you are not looking." I noticed that with Mr. Watkins there was an original and over-riding tendency to think that if you ignored things you of necessity became their master.

"What are these?" he would inquire with fine drama. "Old stops; have them out, slap them in—what do you care?—take no notice. Upper manual, lower—two manuals . . . six maybe at the Troxy Chester—just the same as one. Take not a bit of notice. Blow, Douglas boy!"

At this sudden command Douglas leapt into action and seized a handle by my left hip and began to pump as if his life depended on it. I moved away quickly and there was an unhappy intake from the pipes.

"Sit down," ordered Mr. Watkins, and I sat down.

"Look down," he said, and I looked down. There was no comfort in seeing there what looked like the floor of a hen-house.

"Pedals," he announced, "and every man jack to play—don't take no notice."

"Mr. Watkins, could I play a simple scale extremely slowly?" I pleaded. Mr. Watkins brushed away my suggestion with indignation.

"Scales is no good—now what about Minuet and Trio . . . old Mozart?" Old Mozart might have been a regular customer at the Stores. Mr. Watkins was always on excellent terms with the great ones, but not so me. I gazed at a sheet covered with cross-looking notes.

"It's rather difficult for a start, isn't it?"

"Just tralala and all that, isn't it?" This was too Welsh even for me. I put out my hands and pressed the first notes out. There was a dead silence. Douglas was whittling again.

"Blow, Douglas!" bellowed Mr. Watkins. I started again. There was a sort of unrecognizable whine like an American police-car. I pressed on hopefully and it changed to fog over Merseyside.

"Upper manual—just the same only different," chanted Mr. Watkins.

Desperately I raised one hand to search for the rest of the keys. As my left hand was now above the level of my nose I was flying blind, as it were, with one hand and trying to cover up on ground-level with the other. Some determined music-making. I counted the one hand as divorced from the rest of me and mentally wished it luck.

"Full to great! What about the feet?" Everything stopped on one note and hooted through the church.

"Feet?" I shouted above it.

"Feel your way, same as the hands, only under your feet," roared back Mr. Watkins.

"Excitin'!" piped Douglas, entering into the spirit of the thing.

With a sort of nervous reflex action I put down my feet hard on to what I hoped might turn out to be a G or a C. It didn't seem to be either, and to add to everything my heel got caught between the pedals. I tried to withdraw from the engagement and lost a shoe. The fiendish din went on and there seemed no way of stopping it. Douglas eventually saved the situation by forgetting to pump.

With my one shoe and purple in the face I sank back.

"Mr. Watkins, is there really no simpler way of becoming familiar with

an organ," I asked desperately—"a hymn on the white notes?" I begged.

"Good music the other," he murmured, crestfallen.

I firmly picked up a hymnal and with the co-operation of the fascinated Douglas chose one and laboriously picked my way through the first bar. There was dead silence from behind, then suddenly a ringing baritone burst forth. Mr. Watkins was singing. If I lost a note, he held it, he pursued me across the page striding around with his head well back. I lost my head and jumped to the next page, but he followed me there. He chanted, he shook, he almost intoned, and Douglas worked away by my side.

Shaken to the core, I slunk from the church some time later. Douglas drooped too—he was exhausted. Mr. Watkins alone was jaunty, whistling away at his old Minuet and Trio.

He was not at the church the following Thursday, and though I bought my weekly rations from him and we spoke of everything under the sun, we never mentioned music or the organ.

o o

"Lover of horses wants to get in touch with one with view to helping with food."
Add. in Sussex paper.

Carry your nosebag, mate?

o o

"The Swedes are now being offered at £3 a ton."—Daily paper.

What's that in roubles?



A Blow for Freedom



"Well, gentlemen, it seems only yesterday that I was directed to our factory . . ."

Tompion

TOMPION made my long-case clock, long-face clock centuries ago.

Long since, the pendulum came to equilibrium between intimidating "to," inexorable "fro":

its well-commanded, bell-commanded, timing, chiming voice was dumb before the reeling blow of August, nineteen-fourteen, made men and women know Time's terrible, invisible weight can be made to actuate the hands of clocks like windmill-sails, or make them move, oh, achingly, sundial-shadow slow.

So, as it would not go, with new barbarians at the gate the barbarian in me late prompted me to turn my clock, my long-face, long-case Tompion clock, into a radio: I cut a panel in its stout oak breast, disturbed the pendulum's long rest, and in the mute, protesting breast put coils to serve it for a heart and little valves to glow and burn up Time, which burns up men—and there it stands, to show—a moral?

I don't know: A petty triumph over Time? But Tompion gives me Big Ben's chime with grim resonance, night by night, to make my blood run slow.

R. C. S.

IT was a dull and brutish day. The library of the club was stuffy, morgue-like and full of retired tea-planters paddling gingerly in their football pools. Since an injudicious lunch my metabolism had proceeded inharmoniously. I felt despondent about the inner meaning of being.

"Mr. Bingle!" keened a page-boy, taking no natural pleasure in this privileged rupture of the silence rule. He looked very sad. It came home to me with poignancy how black the hours must be when most of them are spent trailing up and down stairs bawling for Mr. Bingles who are probably in Aberystwyth. My heart went out to the little lad.

"Mr. Bingle!" he cried again, but without hope.

I beckoned him over to the chair in which I lay prone.

"Someone has need of me?" I asked. It was good to see his eyes brighten. Perhaps I was his first triumph.

"Wanted on the 'phone, sir."

"By whom?"

"Dunno, sir."

I strode with him firmly down the stairs. My prompting had been nothing but humane. I looked forward to being Mr. Bingle.

"There y'are, sir," said the boy, proudly pointing to a box.

"Find out who it is." Prudence sets some limits, beyond which I felt lay Mrs. Bingle.

"It's a Mr. 'Arris, sir," he whispered.

"Ha, Harris," I said.

"You've been a long time, Bingle," came a voice sharply, a voice to which I failed altogether to take.

"I was polishing my nails in the slumber-room," I said.

"You sound very funny. Sort of muffled."

"It's always the same with double pneumonia."

"Double—?"

"Pneumonia. Spent the night on the Embankment. Been out with the boys."

"Look here, Bingle, I don't like your tone."

"That's what they all said in Harley Street this morning."

The man at the other end, whom I judged to have a lumpish diamond in his tie, could be heard making a great effort at restraint.

"How are things going?" he rasped.

"Very slowly," I told him.

"You know how anxious we are to get this affair settled?"

"So am I," I said warmly. "I'm sick and tired of it."

Gaskee.



"Buckwheat considers it extremely urgent."

"Buckwheat is a damned fool," I said.

"Really, Bingle!"

Did I nevertheless detect a note of respect, even of anxiety, which had been quite lacking from his original remarks? I rather thought I did. It seemed to me Bingle had been playing his cards badly. He appeared to be in some kind of key-position, and yet to be permitting this Harris to walk all over his face. A practical sympathy with Bingle and his dependants seized me.

"I honestly don't know if I can be bothered to go on," I said.

"Bingle, your attitude amazes me!"

"It doesn't me," I said, "I've been going into the profits."

"We've been over all that before."

"Let's go all over it again. If you put my slice on a butter-dish it wouldn't show."

"Buckwheat and I feel we are being more than generous, Bingle."

"But even if it were ten times as big, after the offer I've had to-day from America I don't see how I can afford not to ask you and Buckwheat to take a running jump at yourselves."

There was an ugly hydraulic sound at the other end, wherever that might be.

"America? Not Gumstein?"

"That's neither here nor there," I said. Nor was it. I refreshed myself with a little snuff, of a blend first concocted for the pleasure of Queen Victoria's mother, and waited.

"Bingle, old boy, I wonder if you're free for dinner?"

"I'm dining with a gorilla at the House of Lords."

"Because we mustn't be hasty about all this, must we? You know how much Buckwheat and I value your services."

"You bet I do," I said.

"Suppose we double your whack?"



"I could go back and finish polishing my nails."

"Come, old boy, a joke's a joke."

I have known that for a long time.

"Look here, I don't know what old Buckwheat'll say, but will you carry on if we treble?"

"I might," I said. "If I have it in writing by to-morrow morning."

"I say, you are a tiger, Bingle!"

"Aren't I?" I said, and hung up.

And now I suppose I must look for another club.

ERIC.



The Intellectual and His Mate

HIGH-SOULED am I and heterodox,

As can most easily be seen,
For I wear parti-coloured socks

Glowing in glorious red and green.

My sandals liberate my toes

That thirst to drink the limpid air;
And, furthermore, the whole world knows

How splendid are the socks I wear.

Bright as the dawn, the argent-speared,

That strides across the morning dews,
I poke my cocky pointed beard

Above a shirt of many hues.

Whereas I step with conscious pride

In purple trousers, ocean-bright,
The lank-haired lady by my side

Wears a drab jumper day and night.

This is by Nature's great decree—

Adornment doth become the male;
Crested and curled and combed is he,
His consort pudgy, short and pale.

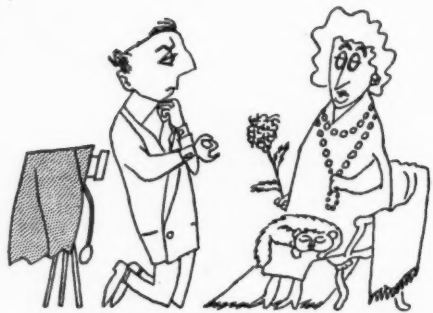
I roast the hordes of Academe

In my sharp tongue's embittered fires,

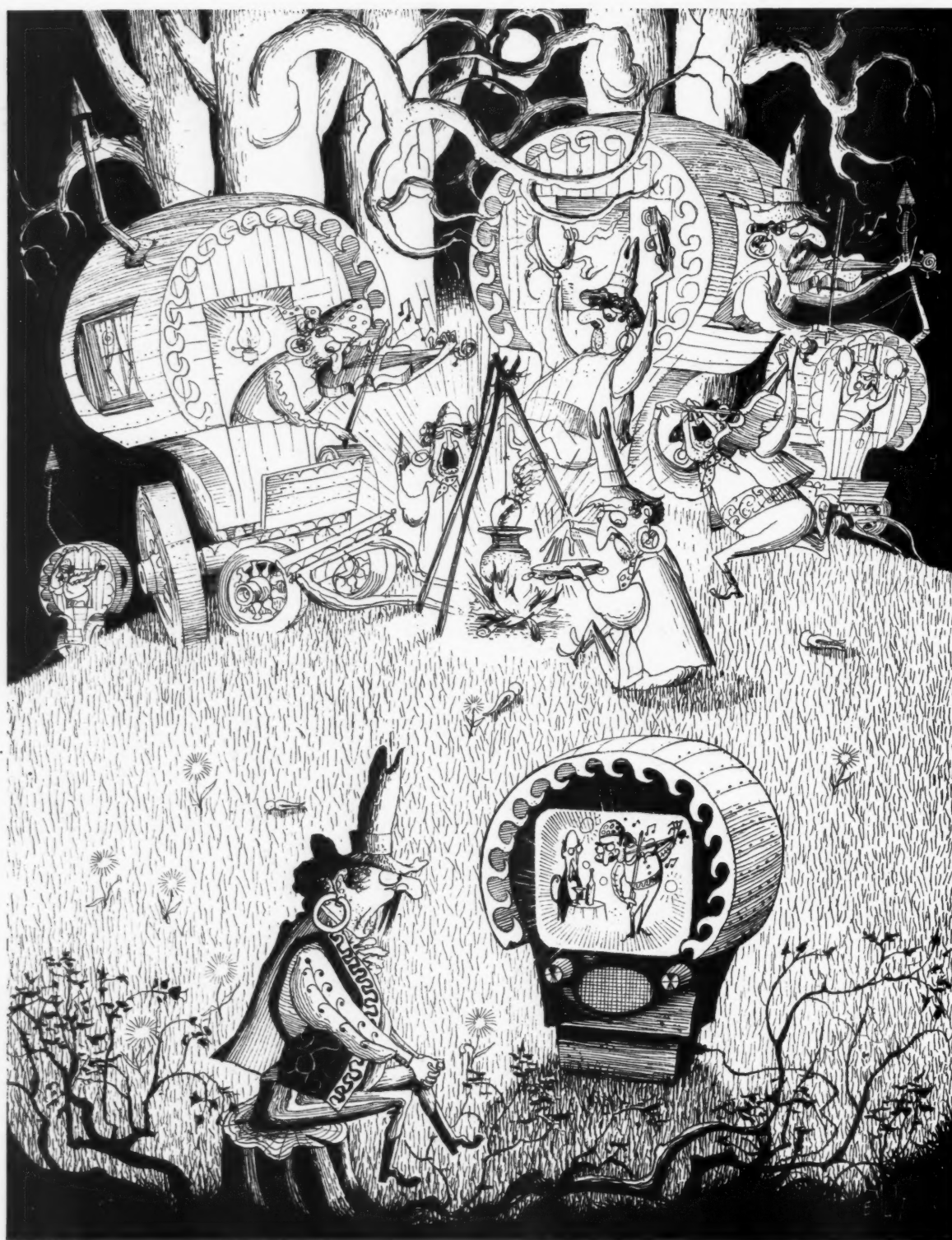
While she, in goggle-witted dream,

Trots by my elbow and admires.











RABBIT COMPLEX

Remittance Man

HUGH Mosman-Cremorne belonged to one of Sydney's oldest families, and a number of fashionable visitors were in the court when his case came up. He had ten previous traffic convictions, including one for driving under the influence. This time he was up for drunken driving again, and it was expected that Mr. Saunders, Stipendiary Magistrate, would rock it in. He did.

"You are a wealthy young ne'er-do-well of a type all too common in Australia," he said. "I intend to make an example of you. I sentence you to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour. However," he added, "I'm going to offer you one chance to redeem yourself. I shall suspend sentence on condition that you emigrate to Britain. A few years' roughing it in the Mother country might make a man of you."

The elegantly dressed young man in the dock put his head in his hands. "I couldn't face it," he said brokenly. Then his father came over and spoke to him in a pleading tone. Suddenly Hugh Mosman-Cremorne squared his shoulders and looked the magistrate in the face.

"Very well, your worship," he said. "I'll go out to Britain."

Next day the *Sydney Argus* published a leading article on the case. "Most people will approve the wise decision of Mr. Saunders, S.M.," it said. "Many young men whose characters have been undermined by a life of indulgence in Australia would benefit from a fresh start in the Old Country."

"The case recalls another issue—the recent proposals for establishing an Australian penal settlement in Great Britain. The present overcrowded conditions in our gaols give powerful support to this suggestion. It has been opposed by the Howard Prison Reform League on the grounds that it is inhumane. Yet this is surely misplaced sentimentality. Transportation to Britain, with its more bracing climate and rigorous life, might rebuild the character of many an Australian felon..."

Before Mosman-Cremorne was due to sail his family bought him a complete outfit of British-made clothes. "You won't get another chance to obtain these, my boy," his father said. The young exile was to be grateful for those export-quality suits and overcoats in the grim years ahead.

There were pathetic scenes as the emigrant ship was about to leave Woolloomooloo Dock. Around him,

saying a last good-bye to their families, were Mosman-Cremorne's fellow-passengers—shabbily-dressed chorus boys, Rhodes Scholars, and confidence men who had decided to sever their ties with home and try their luck in the Old World.

Mosman-Cremorne's sweetheart, Pamela Vacluse, was in tears.

"Don't cry, darling," he said. "I'll make good out there, somehow. Then I'll send for you—if you'll come."

"Of course I will," she whispered bravely. "I wouldn't mind going to Britain, I'd go anywhere with you."

The first weeks in London nearly broke Mosman-Cremorne's spirit. Shivering at night in his bed-sitting-room in Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, nibbling a little dried egg and margarine, he suffered agonies of homesickness. At first the lean, leathery Civil Servants who lived in the same building—men seasoned by years of hardship—looked askance at the inexperienced "new chum." They laughed at his distress when he had to stand in a fish-queue, or was trampled by the peak-hour crowd at Holborn Tube Station.

But one of them, a grizzled veteran from the Home Office, took a liking to the raw stripling from down under. Good-naturedly he showed him how to obtain a packet of cigarettes, and how to deal with a laundry employee. "You soon learn, young 'un," he said.

Despite their lack of polish, Mosman-Cremorne could not help liking these rugged, democratic Englishmen he met in Hampstead. Many of them were Old Wykehamists and Rugbeians. They saw in Mosman-Cremorne the product of an effete Australian aristocracy, reared in a luxury unknown to them. But they did not hold it against him. They were willing to judge him as a man.

The small monthly cheques which he received from the pater did not go far, and he felt it necessary to get a job. But this was not easy. English employers, he found, demanded experience and skill. Things were not the same as they were back in Sydney, where good breeding, family connections, and membership of the right clubs would ensure a lucrative post.

A chance meeting with a black market operator named Phil the Gyp suggested a solution of his difficulty. Mosman-Cremorne called on him and asked for a job.

"I dunno," said the racketeer. "Yer look a bit of a softie to me. You're not back in Australia now, yer know. Things are tough 'ere."

"I know that, sir," said Mosman-Cremorne. "All I ask is to be given a chance."

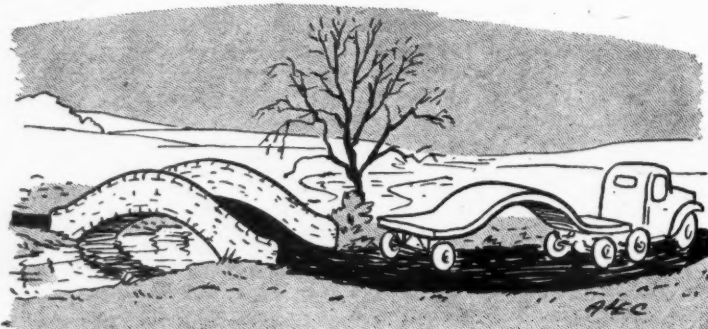
Phil the Gyp took him on as a general hand. He had to drive carloads of stolen cigarettes and help with the paper work. The organization operated from behind a dolls' hospital in Stoke Newington. Their chief problem was a gang of Poles which had moved into their territory.

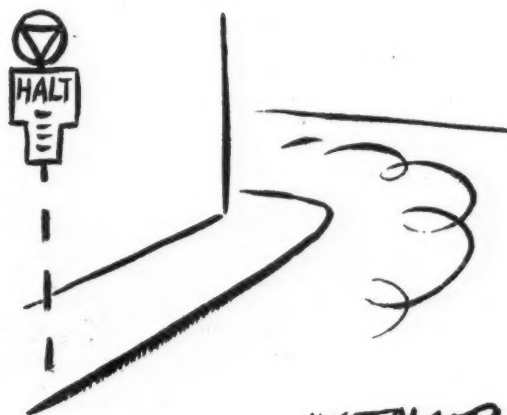
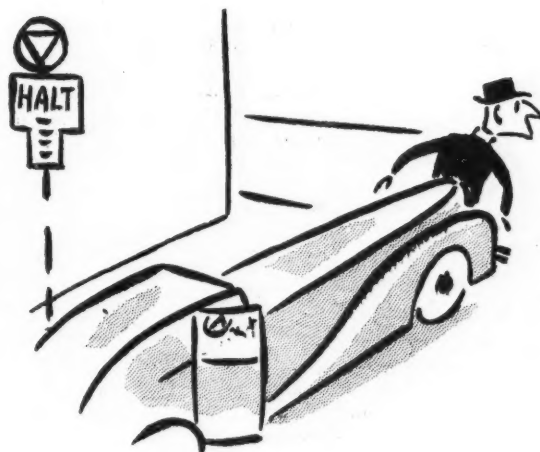
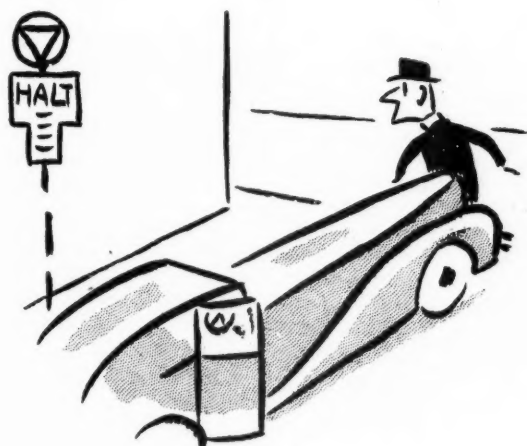
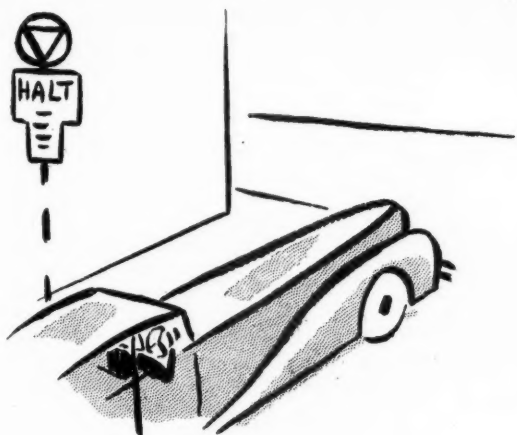
The turning-point in Mosman-Cremorne's career was the night he slugged it out, man to man, with "Big Henryk" Sienkiewicz, leader of the Polish gang, in an alley at Golder's Green. Phil the Gyp was delighted.

"I told yer that young lah-de-dah from the colonies 'ad plenty of pluck," he said to a lieutenant.

It had been a struggle, but Mosman-Cremorne was now a rising man in the business. He wrote asking Pamela to join him. "I could never go back to Australia now," he said. "There's something that thrills you about Britain, with its vast crowded spaces. This is a man's country."

She left Sydney by the next boat.



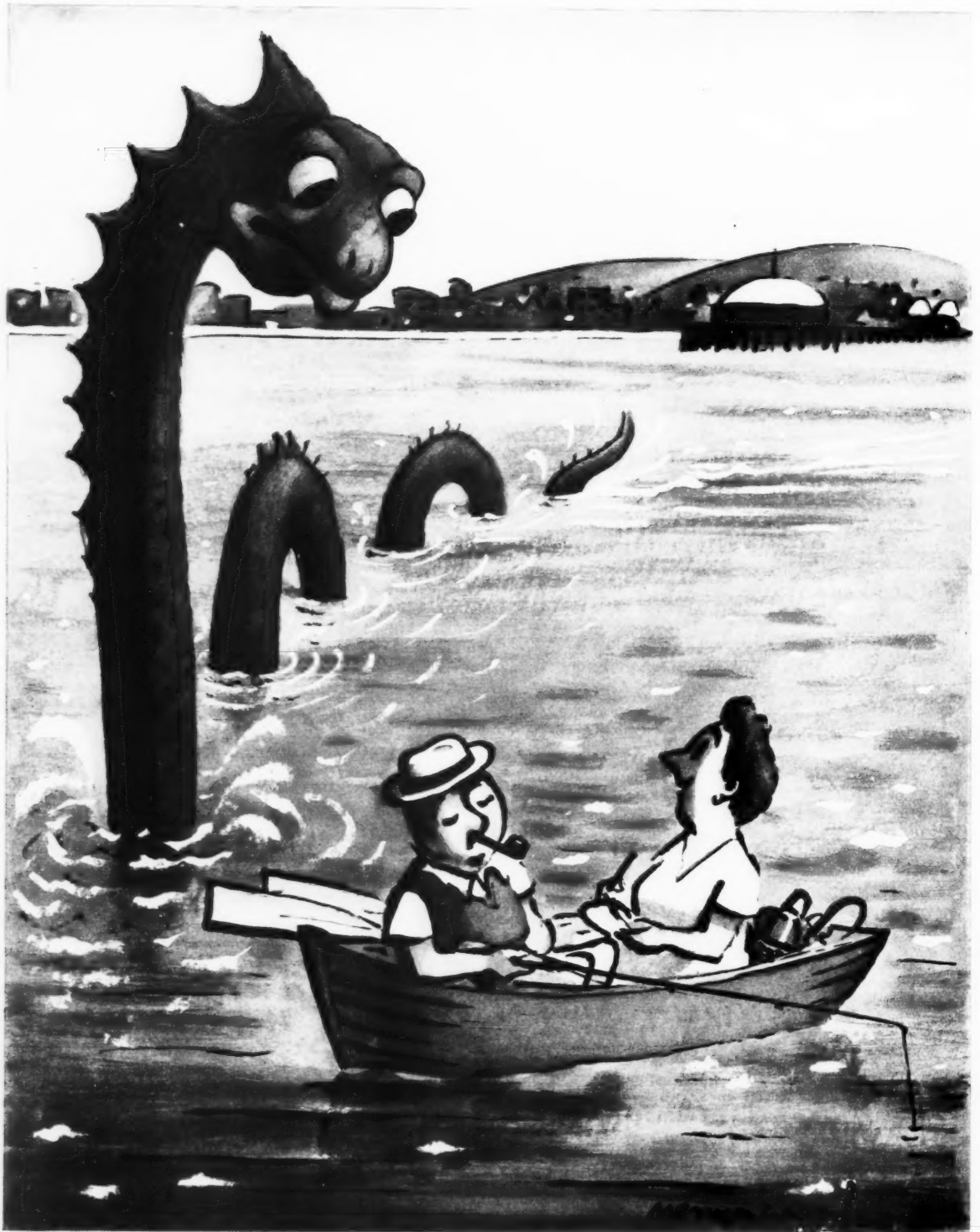


JW TAYLOR





"It may be that you are not accustomed to the rich food on board, sir."



"George, dear, how do you spell 'phenomenon'?"

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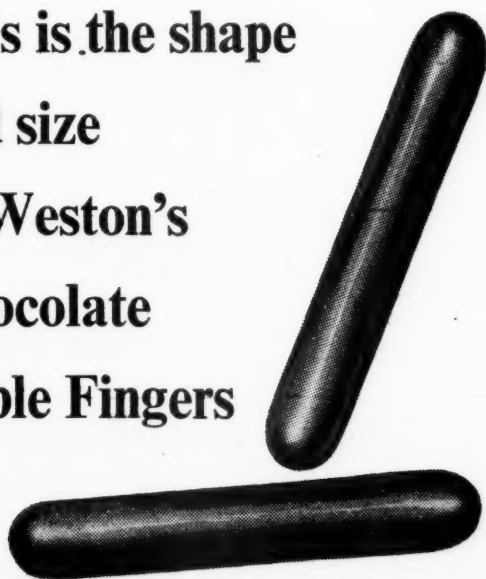
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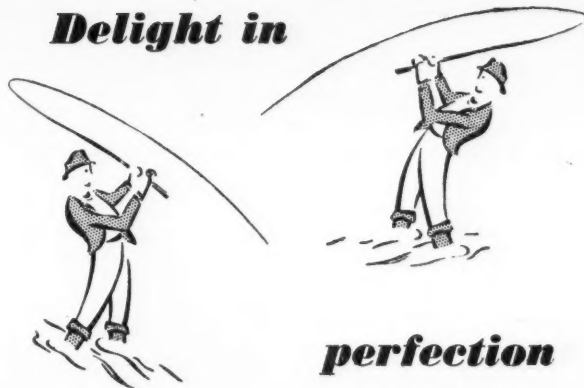
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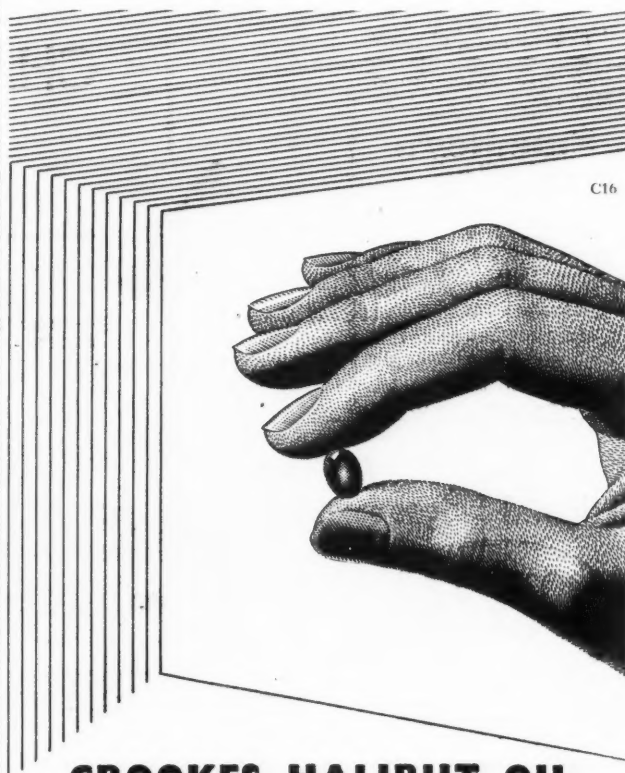
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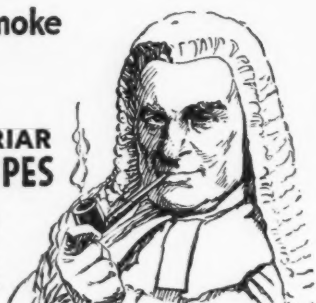
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In the bars of all the leading West End Hotels.

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MERIDIAN!

Underwear. Slumberwear. Socks.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham. Est. 1818. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade.

In every part of the World—North, South, East and West, there are pipe smokers who prefer Craven Mixture—one of the finest and most famous tobaccos ever made.



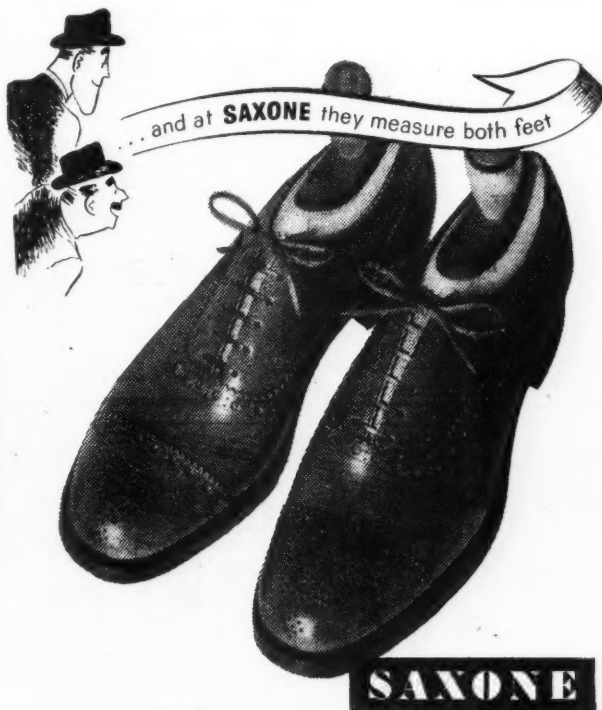
In Fine Cut or Double Broad Cut.

"It is a Tobacco to live for" Sir James Barrie, in *"My Lady Nicotine."*



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There is a special dressing for White Suede and Kid Shoes, Meltonian White Kid Cleaner



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"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"
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Trade Mark

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For those who feel entitled to a little self-indulgence — now and then. . . .

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THE EXTRA QUALITY CIGARETTE

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HEALTHY HAIR**

The daily application to the scalp of KOKO FOR THE HAIR, followed by finger-tip massage, is the secret of hair that is healthy, vigorous and lustrous.

Members of three Royal Families have used KOKO, which can claim over 50 years' unparalleled success as a delightfully perfumed Tonic Hair Dressing. Thousands, including many Stage and Screen Stars, have testified to its remarkable efficacy.

Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors and all good chemists at 2/11 and 5/10 per bottle (including tax), or post free from KOKO Maricopa Co., Ltd., 3, Fleet Lane, E.C.4.

KOKO HAIR

FOR THE

STOP THAT COLD
WITH VAPEX

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Breathe the pleasant, fragrant vapour
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Of Chemists 2/6

THOMAS KERFOOT
& CO. LTD.



No more shaving worries—if you use a KROPP Razor.

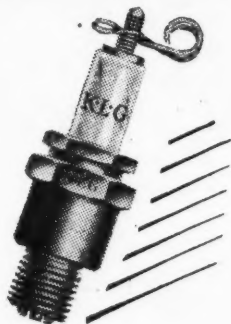
The KROPP gives you a quick, clean shave, every day of your life. It's a craftsman's razor — British made from finest Sheffield steel.

The Ideal GIFT for a Man.

Black Handles, 16/6, tax included. Of Hairdressers, Cutlers & Stores. Please send 2d. stamp for Booklet 160.

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The fastest Plug on Earth

John Cobb used K.L.G. plugs for the
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Not too little..

not too much..

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thanks to the
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER OF
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*This unusual gatehouse to lovely 17th Century
Stammy House, Glou. was designed by Inigo Jones.*

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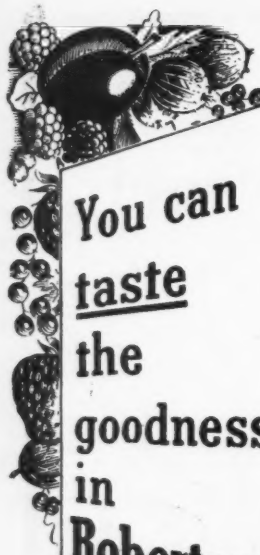
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**Robertson's
Jam**



As good as 'Golden Shred'
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*'Were at Warnes...
we'd never go anywhere else now.
Comfort, good food and
really tip-top service. You know,
I didn't realize you could get
holidays like this nowadays.'*



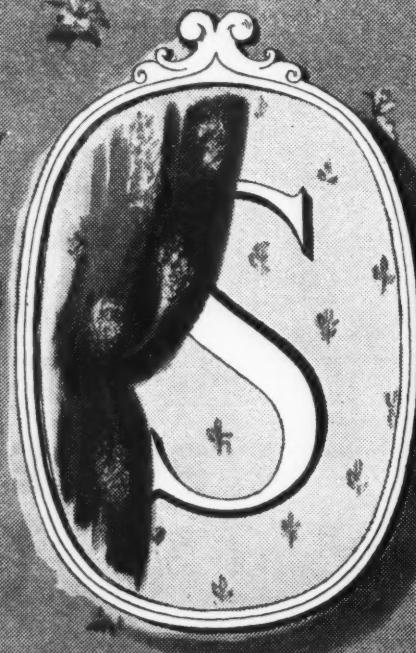
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Salt for dainty tables



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6 VARIETIES containing FRUIT LIQUEUR
Gooseberry, Pear, Raspberry, Lemon,
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I'VE SAVED MY JAM JARS AND

I'm
buying
my



CLOSURES
Trade Mark

NOW!

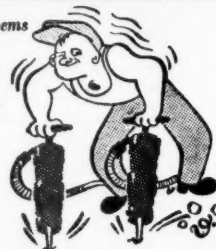
They say that if I leave it late again I'll have even greater difficulty, and I can't afford to be without my Snap-Bottled Fruit. After all, they're only 2/6d. a packet, for 1-lb. or 2-lb. size.
Genuine Spare Rubber Rings! 6d. a packet.

GRAHAM FARISH LTD
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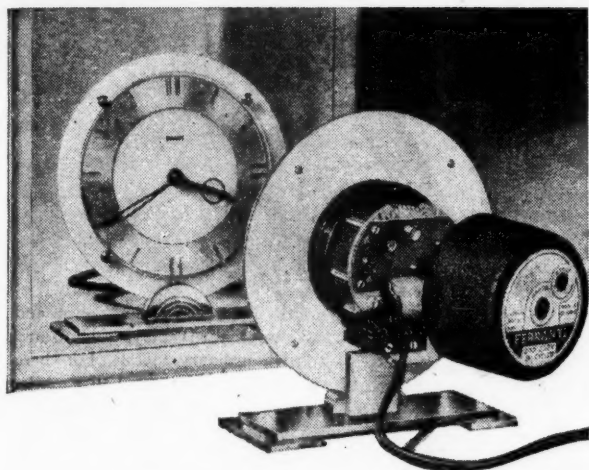
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Gin**

The purest made

Nothing seems
impossible
when your
energy
springs
from—



TUROG
BROWN BREAD



More than meets the eye

THERE'S more than surface good looks to a Ferranti Electric Clock. We think the works are just as important (that's why we've shown them here).

Not that we've anything against good looks. The new range of Ferranti Clocks has been designed to make the best use of both modern and traditional materials. It includes clocks in wood cases, in plastics, and clocks which make decorative use of glass and metal.

Ferranti

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CLOCKS**



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THE GREAT COMFORT ABOUT PEL NESTING CHAIRS-



IS THAT THEY CAN BE SET OUT IN A FEW MINUTES-



AND TAKE UP NEXT TO NO SPACE IN STORAGE!

When seats are needed, these Pel Nesting Chairs provide everything you could ask for in comfort and good looks. But when it's space you want, they rise so well to the occasion that a stack of 20 occupies only 5 square feet of floor space! The high quality steel tubing gives great strength with the minimum of weight, makes for easy handling and a very long hard-wearing life. Inevitably, these days, there's a priority list, and a waiting list for Pel Nesting Furniture. But let us know your needs and we will tell you if, and how soon, we can help.



Patent No. 344159

Model R116

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Made by PEL LTD., OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM
London Office: 15 Henrietta Place, W.1.

A  PRODUCT



AT THE FRIENDLY INN

Specially drawn for The Brewers' Society by
Steven Spurrier A.R.A.

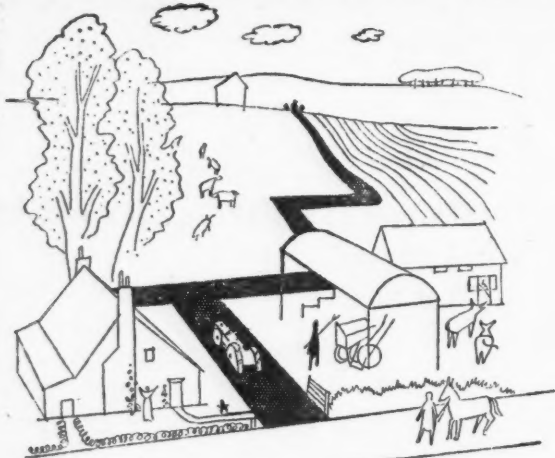


Our resources in fine leaf enable us to extend the benefits of the Rothman Service to a limited number of new customers. Regular supplies of Pall Mall de Luxe are available. Write Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H 2) 5 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Rothman of Pall Mall

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IN THE WORLD

The surface that can take it



This Farm Road surfaced with COLAS is clean, dust-free and good to look at. COLAS can be laid in almost any weather without skilled labour or special apparatus. Resistant to wear and weather it lasts for years without attention.

The colour of the finished surface depends on the colour of the chippings used for the final coat. For all surfacing jobs — from a garden path to a public highway — specify COLAS, the long-lasting, inexpensive road emulsion.

COLAS
EMULSION

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ARGUMENT



The processing of cotton and wool yarns plays Old Harry with ordinary metals, but here is an example of tricky tube manipulation in stainless steel designed to play Old Harry with Old Harry himself and at the same time relieve the manufacturer of one of his more troublesome problems.

Admitting that it is not customary for the best arguments to have holes in them, Accles & Pollock point out that their steel tubes have always been noted for their exceptional qualities, and this one is no exception.

ACCLES & POLLOCK

Makers & manipulators of seamless tubes in stainless & other steels

A COMPANY • OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM



Concentration

A pipeful of Chairman is invaluable when one wishes to bear down upon a problem. Chairman assists concentration, sharpens perception, and points the judgment. For the man who believes that smoking helps his planning it is the ideal choice.

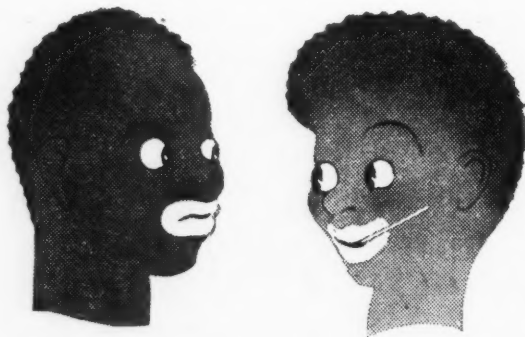
Chairman Tobacco



4/2½ per oz.
In 2 oz. vacuum tins and 1 oz. packets.

Three strengths: Chairman, medium; Boardman's, mild; Recorder, full. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Chairman Sales Office, 24 Holborn, London, E.C.1

Q2



What's your colour temperature?

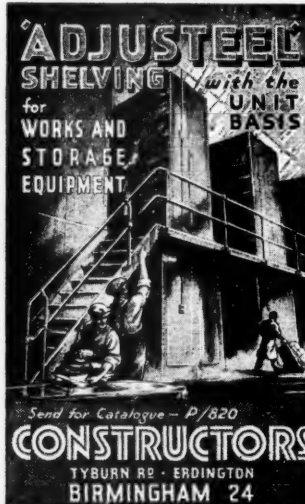
One of Chance's newest technical glasses goes by the name of OB9. Chance OB9 is a Photometric Colour-Temperature Conversion Filter. A piece 1.6 mm thick will convert a light source at 2250°K to 2870°K, if you see what we mean.

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Manufactured by

HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD., LONDON and TAUNTON.

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And the lawn is such a part of the garden that only the finest mower is good enough. The J.P. range now includes the new Simplex power-model, as well as a wide choice of hand machines. Ask your dealer for details.

Export demands mean that it is taking us longer to catch up with home market requirements, but every effort is being made to satisfy our friends at home.



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Stern lanterns, lit by a great many candles, were useful for keeping station and were a means of computing direction and speed of other vessels. The Great Lantern carried by the "Sovereign of the Seas" (1637), "would hold ten persons to stand upright without shouldering or pressing one another."

THE "THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

MANUFACTURED BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS



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says OLD HETHERS

Ever since Robinson's Lemon Barley Water came back in bottles it's been 'Hethers, another glass please'; 'Hethers, some more Robinson's'; Hethers here, there and everywhere. But bless you madam, it's been a pleasure to see you all enjoy yourselves and hard work never killed anyone. It's one of nature's artful dodges, to make a drink taste so nice, that's so good for everyone. Certainly, madam, and another glass for the little one too? Coming, sir.

Robinson's LEMON BARLEY WATER



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SWEDEN
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Best British Brushes



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- PERFUME PAD
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"Allure"
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

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Don't turn pale, Sir—it's

GOOD news for once—news to celebrate—
ROSE'S Lime Juice is back again. Gin
and limes, real ones, are ready, Sir.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE
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*Based on the skill
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AERTEX

Genuine
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Built from standardised
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Inside or outside flanges.

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PARK WORKS, MANCHESTER, 10

Healthy dogs
make good companions



BOB MARTIN'S
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THIS ENGLAND . . . No. Seventeen

HOLIDAYS are a very English invention and Bank Holidays a proof that any excuse will do for neglecting our work. Only in recent years have we justified our laziness by reference to fatigue tests and lack of sunshine. The best reason for holidays is that we want them, and the best advertisement for our national common sense is that we take them . . . And the wise holiday-maker makes sure of his *Balkan Sobranie* before he rings for the taxi; he looks forward to a long satisfying smoking and an aroma doubly sweet because for the nonce he is a free man enjoying his well-earned leisure.



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THE WHITE-WAY TO BEAT THE BLACK MARKET

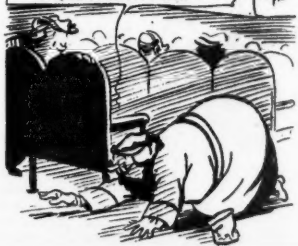
Our British Wines are still sold at very economical prices and represent the best value in wine obtainable today. They are of good alcoholic strength and the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality for over 50 years.



WHITEWAY'S BRITISH WINES

CVS-101

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£6,530 FOR YOU AT AGE 55

This cash sum, or a personal Retirement Income of £400 a year guaranteed for life from age 55, will secure your independence in later years. Even if you are in an occupation (for example, a Civil Servant or Teacher) entitling you to a pension, you will be glad of the extra annual income this plan provides.

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FILL IN THIS FORM NOW

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Occupation

Exact date of birth

Punch, May 10, 1948

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That Cow & Gate look!

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BABY IS ON COW & GATE NOW!

Look at him! All chuckles and chubbiness—weight increasing—sound bones forming—brimming with health, happiness and vitality.

HE CAN'T SAY "COW & GATE" YET, BUT HE LOOKS IT!

COW & GATE MILK
The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES



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INCORPORATES:—

- HANDLES THAT FOLD in a second to save space in the home.
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- AND NUMEROUS OTHER PEDIGREE PRAM FEATURES.

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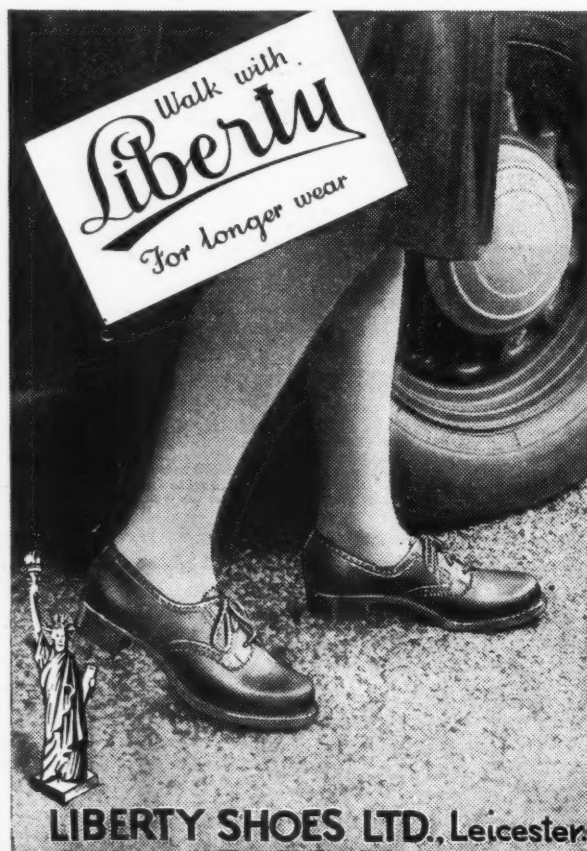
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